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PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

DAVID FULTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

EDWARD CANTWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of NEW-HANOVER, BRUNSWICK, SAMSON, DUPLIN, and ONSLOW.

June 19, 1846 4-c

MANTUA-MAKING.
MR. PRICE would inform the ladies of Wilmington and its vicinity, that she will execute work in the above line, on reasonable terms. Residence over the JOURNAL OFFICE, November 7, 1845

JAMES I. BRYAN,
Commission Merchant,
NUTT'S BUILDING—Next door to [30-1] HALL & ARMSTRONG.

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Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c. Wilmington, August 18, 1845.

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Manufacturer & Dealer in
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September 21, 1844. 1-4c

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GENERAL AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Office, second door North of Market street, on the wharf, up stairs.
April 7, 1845 31

L AND DEEDS, a new supply, just printed and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

MITCHELL'S
POCKET MAP
OF
Texas, Oregon and California.

A FEW copies of the above work, of the very latest edition, may be obtained at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

For Rent.
A FINE ROOMY STORE, in Mr. Parsley's building, one door East of the Custom House. For terms apply to
J. LUTTE LOH.
July 24

THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL
OF THE REV. M. C. CONOLEY, of Sampson county, opened at CONLEY of the first Monday in September, 1846. All the usual English Branches are taught in this school.

Young gentlemen desiring of preparing themselves for admission into either the *Free School* or *Sophomore Class* at CHARLES HILL, will here find every facility for effectually prosecuting their several studies.

The location is pleasant and even a visiting and *Bilious Fever* is unknown to the prosperous and beautiful village of Clinton. If laudable efforts to please, devoted piety and fidelity in the discharge of every duty, deserve reward, Mr. Conoley's will be great. Of him it may, with truth be said—he is a gentleman and a thorough practical Scholar, mild in his mode of discipline—yet fearless of consequences when duty prompts him to act.

Those interested in the moral and intellectual advancement of their children may rely upon this truth—that our country affords no greater facilities in primary education, than may be commanded in the classical school of the Rev. M. C. Conoley.

Tuition for spelling and reading—the first class is \$5.—for second class, including all other English branches, \$10.—for the Classics, \$12 per session.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of 5 months each. No deduction made except for protracted sickness or removal.

In view of the many benefits connected with such a school, and our confidence in Mr. Conoley, we take pleasure in respectfully recommending his school to the public generally, and especially to the patrons of virtuous education.

T. J. MORISEY.
E. P. SHAW.
N. GILL.
L. C. HUBBARD.
R. MCKAY.
J. M. MOSELEY.
R. C. HOLMES.
W. T. KIRBY.
A. E. MCKAY, &c.
Sept. 11, 1846. 52-4c.

MR. G. F. LEIGHTON will be in Wilmington about the 10th of October, and propose taking a Class in Vocal Music; he will also teach on the Piano Forte and Violin, and will pleasure to furnish *Pianos*. He refers with pleasure to Gentlemen and Ladies whom he taught last winter, as to his qualifications.
Sept. 12, 1846 1-3c.

Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON Editor.

VOL. 3.—NO. 2.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1846.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.

WHOLE NO. 106.

TO THE PEOPLE.

THE session of Congress, which has just terminated, will be long and gratefully remembered by all true republicans for the triumph success of many of their cherished principles and measures. While we heartily rejoice at the triumph of the principles which it has been our constant effort to advocate and defend, and of which no prosperity, no adversity can sever us; we cannot be unmindful of the attitude in which we are placed by a recent vote of both houses of Congress.—we allude to the contemplated withdrawal of their patronage from the newspaper press.

To this decision we cheerfully bow, sensible as we are of the patriotic motives which have led to it. But we trust that this decision of Congress increases rather than diminishes our claim to the support of a high power, that of the people, and to them we confidently appeal to aid us, by their patronage, in sustaining at the seat of government a journal that is inflexibly devoted to their interests and the true interests of the country.

It is known to every one, that the chief source of sustaining a newspaper is not the material of its subscription list, so much as the advertising patronage which may be bestowed upon it. In large commercial cities, indeed, the latter is usually the concomitant of the former, as it becomes the obvious interest of mercantile men to advertise in those papers which are the most extensively circulated. Washington, however, is differently situated. Deprived of the advertising patronage incident to a mercantile community, and burdened with peculiar and enormous expenses which are not elsewhere incurred, nothing but a very long list of subscribing patrons can sustain a paper in usefulness—it indeed, even in existence. The proprietors of the "Union" have hitherto spared no pains, and no expense, to make their paper worthy of the metropolis, and worthy of the support of that great party under whose banner they are enlisted. In publishing the most full and ample debates of the two houses of Congress, it is believed, ever before attempted on this continent, in a daily newspaper, they have secured the services of the best reporters which the country afforded, but at the enormous cost of \$12,000 or \$15,000 per year. Their extensive foreign and domestic correspondence is another large item of expense, but the instructive usefulness of which is so highly commended as to justify almost any outlay to attain it. Still, it must be evident that these heavy expenses cannot be borne, unless the subscription list is commensurate to the undertaking; and although we can boast of 15,000 subscribers, (including daily, tri-weekly, and weekly,) yet this list must be still considerably enlarged to enable the proprietors of the "Union" to sustain all its usefulness, and to insure them against pecuniary loss. Invoking then, again, the aid and support of all true friends of republican government, and pledging ourselves to renewed efforts in the cause of the glorious principles we cherish, we offer the following:

The "DAILY UNION" will be published, as heretofore, at \$10 per annum, payable in advance. Its character hitherto has been almost exclusively political. We purpose in future to devote a portion of its columns to domestic news of general interest, and to miscellaneous literature, which, without impairing its political influence, may render it more acceptable to an extended class of readers.

The "SEMI-WEEKLY UNION" will be published every Monday and Thursday, during the recess of Congress, at \$5 per annum. This contains all the political intelligence of the *Daily Union*, except local advertisements. During the sessions of Congress three numbers, instead of two, will be issued, without any extra charge to subscribers.

Entertainment of the Weekly Union.

The "WEEKLY UNION" is issued every Saturday; and as arrangements are in progress to enlarge it to *near double its present size*, we shall soon be enabled to give nearly every article which may appear in the daily and semi-weekly editions, at the extremely low rate of \$2. We propose, as a service to the public, a complete synoptical summary of the proceedings of both houses of Congress, thus rendering the "Weekly Union" a most valuable channel of information to all classes of our country. But, to remunerate us for this enterprise, an extensive subscription list is absolutely indispensable.

CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER.

In addition to the foregoing, we have resolved to publish, during the session of the national legislature, a "Congressional Register," to be issued weekly, and to contain a full report of the daily proceedings and debates of both houses. Indeed, the arrangements which we have made with the very best reporters will enable us to give even more full and extended reports than we have produced during this session, superior as we claim them to be to any preceding ones. The Register will be made up from the daily reports in the "Union," carefully revised by an experienced editor, and will constitute a complete and authentic record of the session. An appendix will be added, containing the Register, and to be sent gratuitously to subscribers, consisting of a list of the acts passed during the session, with a synopsis of their contents, and a reference, when necessary, to previous legislation. This will form the most complete history of the sessions of Congress, and will be furnished at the low price of SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS for the first session.

POSTMASTERS are authorized to act as our agents; and by sending us five yearly subscribers, with the subscription money, for either the *Daily*, *Semi-Weekly*, or *Weekly*, will be entitled to one copy of the same edition of which they furnish us subscribers for the next session.

THE CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER will be furnished them on the same terms.

Clubs will be furnished with

5 copies of the Daily for	\$40 00
5 do do Semi-Weekly	20 00
5 do do do Weekly	35 00
5 do do do do do	15 00
20 do do Congressional Register	10 00

The name of no person will be entered upon our books unless the payment of the subscription be made in advance.

RITCHIE & HEISS.

To the Riding and Travelling Community

THE subscriber has, and intends keeping constantly on hand, at his old stand on Market street, a general assortment of goods in his line, to wit, Ladies and Gentlemen's SADDLES, BRIDLES, AND MARTINGALES, and Leather, Harness, and Common TRUNKS, Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Ladies Satchels, Coach, Gigs, Buggy and wagon HARNESS, Collars, Whips, Stirrups, Bits, Spurs, &c. &c. All of which he warrants to be of the best workmanship and materials, and are offered for sale at the lowest prices.

—Charrioteers, Buggies, Trotting Wagons and Sulkeys, for sale low. Northern Saddle and Shoe Maker's Findings.
GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
N. B.—Particular attention will be paid to making SADDLES and HARNESS to order, and repairing the same, together with trimming Carriages and making Church Cushions.
Sept. 18, 1846. G. C. H.

Notice.
FOR the accommodation of those wishing to attend the *Union Baptist Association* at Wilmington, a train of Cars will leave Goldsboro on Friday, 2d of October, at 7 o'clock. A car will call at all the intermediate stopping places, and return on the following Tuesday. Passengers will be required to pay their passage downwards, but will return free. E. B. DUDLEY, President.
Sept. 19, 1846. 1-1m.

SAWING AN INSPECTOR.

BY THE 'OLD 'UN.'

In one of our maritime ports of entry a few years back, on the accession of a new administration, a very verdant youth from the interior presented himself at the Custom House in—, and was duly sworn and possessed of his commission as an Inspector of the Customs for the Port of—, and was also duly impressed with all the importance and gravity of his new duties. As he seemed a very promising subject, a wag of a brother inspector, who had received an intimation that his services would shortly be dispensed with by the Government, and who, was intrusted with the indoctrination of the more fortunate individuals, resolved to revive in his behalf all the 'old saws' time-honored tradition had handed down, and apply them to this 'modern instance.' He first imparted some general instruction, and 'put him through' the duties of attending to the discharge of one or two foreign vessels.

At length the awful period arrived when the infant inspector, emancipated from his leading strings, was to go alone. That the duties of his berth might gradually dawn upon him, a vessel from Nova Scotia, laden with plaster (a free article), was assigned to his charge, and a 'permit' given him to land '100 tons plaster from the Bouncing Sally.' He showed it to his tutor with a smile.

'That's easy done,' said he, 'ain't it? Plaster's free.'

The old rat shook his head mournfully.

'Not so easy as you imagine it. Do you understand geometry?'

'Yes—some—I went through it to the academy, but that was a darned long while back,' said the victim.

'Fourence for the oath,' said the Tormentor sternly. 'The coin was instantly paid, and found its way to the pocket of the tormentor. 'Now,' continued he, 'you've kept not to ascertain, by actual measurement, the cubic contents of each piece of plaster in that—that description of vessel is it?'

'It's a slupe.'

'Ah! a slupe; very good. You'd better get to work immediately.'

The victim immediately hastened to the pier, and the crew commenced discharging. A huge cube of plaster was first landed on the wharf. This looked promising. Our euclid measured the sides and calculated the contents of the cube. But while thus engaged, another and another piece of plaster tumbled out, all of the most complicated figures.

'Hold on, there!' yelled the victim.—'I've got my hands full for to days. 'Them eternal rhomboids and parallelograms are enough to drive a human being 'ravin' mad. I know I can't do it, by golly! I never studied conic sections, and I'm sure it's somewhere there, or 'twint nowhere. 'Hold on!' he screamed as the crew continued to work, 'or else I'll report you right away, and have ye took up and fined five hundred dollars each! I kin do it, and I will do it, by golly!'

With this resolution, he was rushing away to report the ill-fated slupe, when he encountered his tormentor, who offered to take the job off his hands, and get at the amount by *general average* (!) by a process of his own which he could not impart.

On another occasion, soon after, when in charge of another vessel, the tormentor sauntered down to the wharf to see how his victim got along with it, when he observed the steward was a colored man.

'You've got a nigger steward,' observed he, carelessly.

'Wall, I know I hev—what of it?' answered the victim, rather tartly, for he was beginning to 'feel his oats.'

'Oh! nothing—only you must look out sharp for him,' was the reply.

'Oh! he haint got nothin.' I've searched his baggage, and in fact the whole vessel. All his rights—he haint got nothin.'

'But his wool!' said the Tormentor, in a low, hoarse whisper.

'Well—what of that?' asked the victim, terribly afraid of being convicted of some renaissance in the discharge of his duty.

'It pays a duty of seven cents a pound.'

'Wall—I thought that 'ere come under the head of 'necessaries of life.'

'You are not aware that these niggers drive a great trade of smuggling their wool ashore, are you?'

'No I wasn't,' said the novice, turning deadly pale.

'Did you never notice,' continued the Tormentor, calmly, 'that almost all these foreign blacks, a day or two after arriving in port, all have their heads tied up in bandanna handkerchiefs?'

'The novice had noticed this fact, but had drawn no inference important to the revenue department.

'They watch a chance, when the Inspector's back is turned, to whip up to the barber's and have their heads shaved. The bandannas are afterwards used to conceal the fraud upon the government. I may be deceived in this man—but he looks suspicious;—he looks to me like a smuggler, and I advise you to watch him very closely. There's no way of your getting at the quantity mathematically, is there?'

'None as I knows of; but I'll consult the books to-night.'

'I don't think you'll find it there,' said the Tormentor, as he sauntered away.

From that moment the steward was an object of intense anxiety to the unfortunate novice. He never permitted him out of his sight, and whenever he went ashore, he was sure to dog his footsteps. When he had missed sight of him for a few minutes, and he happened to come back with his hat on, the novice would assail him with—

'Pears to me that's an odd notion of right'

yourn, wearing a hat in the cabin, which a Yankee—day as this. I wish you would take it off—it makes me nervous.'

'Berry good, massa;—jess as you say; and the covering would be removed. All right.'

Once, when the steward was taking a nap in his chair, our Inspector stealthily approached him and began to feel his head all over.

'Why, the critter's got more'n a pound!' 'Taint much for the government to lose—but the principle's every thing. I should be a perjured raskil if I didn't hold him to account for every ounce of it.'

'Golly, massa! what you want?' shouted the African, jumping out of his doze and his chair at the same time.

'Nothin'—nothin'—just you go to sleep again. I'm a phenologist—that's all.—The critter's guilty conscience haunts him like a rattle-snake!' he added to himself.

One day matters came to a climax.—The steward, after passing his hands through his wool several times, said, with the greatest effrontery:

'Well, Massa Spectre, I bliebe I must leap you to yourself for half a hour.'

'Where are you going?'

'To de barbar's, massa.'

'What for?'

'To hab my hair cut.'

'No you don't, you rascal. That 'ere wool suit entered yet.'

'Not entered! What you mean, massa!'

'Not paid for! you imp of Satan.'

'Paid for! Garamity gib 'um to me.'

'Silence! you infuriated Dey and Martin! Set right down in that 'ere chair, and I'll do your barberin!'

The nigger sank speechless into the captain's arm-chair. In an instant he was tied fast, hand and foot, and the inspector seized a case of razors from the cabin-table.

'Murder! murder! you goin' to cut a nigger's throat, eh?'

'I'll cut a nigger's head off, ef he don't keep still,' was the stern reply.

In five minutes the scull of the unfortunate African was as bare of wool as a coco-nut denuded of its hairy bark. It was even grubbled up by the roots, for the razor had been used for opening oysters and paring potatoes.

'Now take your bandanna, if you like,' said the green 'un.

Leaving the steward shrieking with pain and rage, the official rushed to the custom-house in triumph with his booty.—But alas! he was received with roars of derision. 'The next day he sent in his resignation,—and the department lost a valuable officer, whose only fault was that he knew too much.'

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A LIVE YANKEE "SNORED" OUT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.'

Reader—do you snore in your sleep? You don't—Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you of a little adventure I was once witness with to a 'Snorer'?

'The varieties of the genus "Snorer" is very extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has a "good time" at it, and troubles nobody.

'There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking snorer—who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all in the family, and, peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. 'There is, also, your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) who mumbles and grunts—and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven, an object of pity—one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed—more than another, commend me to your genuine out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully—you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects, at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left—which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers—and after the dreadful jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively (during the process of undressing,) with the prospective enjoyment which Nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you!

Your weary head touches the pillow, but an unusual nervousness troubles you, and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is midnight before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning—and though the night is warm, and the vermin are active—you determine to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are 'afraid of lightning,') and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus, your eyes suddenly agape—wide open—and, as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself, 'What's that?'

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place—a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, a blast—whoo—ooh—p!—and the sound rolls away in a long-drawn, unearthly sigh—like the last effort of a suffocating man to recover his breath—and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time—some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded canal packet.

It was nearly midnight when he came on board, at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been out west, so he said—and was satisfied to go home again!

The cabin was crammed, and an 'upright' was allotted him in the middle of the

floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee—and occupied some considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting his bed-clothes, and caring for his 'un,' which he stowed away under the pillow. He finally mounted the piece of furniture, which some lady-writer compares to a fence rail, covered with two strips of tape, and stretched himself for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in his cot, muttering to himself something about 'shelved up between heaven and earth'—but he finally turned over, as I supposed for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes, burst out with—

'Aka—r-r-r—when-n!'

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached the floor quicker than he did as it was!

And there he stood 'in his tracks'—his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side-rail of his cot—as he yelled out—

'Hel-low!'

'Phoo—o—o—'

'Wot's that?'

'The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentarily—and vouchsafed no answer.

'The Yankee gazed about the cabin cautiously—but his fellow lodgers were all sound asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat, was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I had supposed he had at last gone to the land of nod for the night—another

'Ker-r-r—chee—e—who! burst from the throat of the snorer on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause—

'Per—shee—swell—ooh,' escaped the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprang to the floor—with

'Hel-low—I say—'

'Ah—phoo!'

'Thunder and earthquakes!'

'Wh—e—'

'Wot is it?'

'Ar-ker-ker—sloo—o—o—'

'Don't!'

'Teeloo—'

'No, it ain't me—'

'Er—y—ho—'

'Blast your picture—it ain't!'

'A—y—tish!'

'I say yer lie!'

'Er—y—ho—'

'Wy, it's you—yourself,' continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—'and you have made noise enough to skeer the devil, or stop a camp-meet!'

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's breast, a sudden 'whoop!' escaped him, and the Yankee could bear no more!

'Help, here!'

'Psh—eu!' said the Snorer.

'Do!'

'Ah—shwoo—'

'For God sake!'

'Hun—ker!'

'Cap'n—help—yere! The man's a dyin'—I say, Mister! Murder!—help!'

By this time the cabin was in a roar for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned over suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

'What's the row, neighbor?' he enquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

'Raow? 'Thunder and lightnin! ain't yer dead yet? Wal, I reck'n yer're one of 'em, stranger! Mishigan thunder's a fool to yer's snorin', by goshus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night, cuss my picture! he added, and in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went up upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted with the Captain, he declared that he had 'hearn powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snoring beat all the high-powers he ever heard—jest as easy as open and shut!'

PHILADELPHIA, August 25, 1846.

A SPRINKLING OF IRISH.

A Hibernian, with a poll as red as the Red Lion as Brentford, and rendered still more red by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applied at Bow street at the beginning of the week for a warrant

The line to be formed and ready for inspection
 and review at 11 o'clock, A. M.
 You will make your returns as required by the
 15th Section of the Militia Laws, to the Brigadier
 General, at this place, on or before the 25th of
 October.
 By order of
L. H. MARSTELLER, Brig. Genl.

